

Don't Drink the Kool-Aid

after Ruby/Hilary

For just
fifteen seconds

out of my twenty-
six years living

I imagine
myself

a white woman

bones breaking
in a new way

my Black

fleshy and
ripping apart

my face split
open

body convulsing
and bending

my pain has no end

there's always dead ends
so I get my hair bone

straight a fresh doobie
Dominican slayed

it often feels like
hilary and ruby

at war in one body

and on the humid days
in Columbia, SC

my curls
fight back

the relaxer
anything but

and frizz makes me
anxious

so do white women

in college
I walked fresh

silk hair across
the stretch of campus

with glass for walls

a friend of mine
waved and said:

you're looking real
caucausion today

in 2020

my body is
confined

to four walls

my hair
hasn't been straight

since March
just that one time

imagine me

mad at myself
forcing my way

to a perfection
not my own

like hilary

staring down at that vile
throwing it to the ground

her flesh unfolding
rotting inside out

her blue hue

shining through
ready to be seen

like the moon on
the Blackest nights

like me on wash day

ruby

steps over
the pile of skin

reclaims her
glory

us Black girls
have too much

fire to not
implode

a white woman's body
a feeble-boned cage

don't believe
the propaganda

don't drink
the kool-aid.